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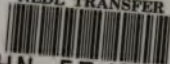
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1892

P O E M S:

SECULAR, SERIOUS,

AND

SACRED,

BY

Owen Glendower, B.A.

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.
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ERRATA.

For *though* read *through* : page 7, line 10.

For *with* read *when* : page 15, line 3.

Dele *would* : page 18, line 7.

For *bewed* read *be-wed* : page 66, line 5.

For *one* read *me* : page 82, line 3.

For *nestling* read *nestlings* : page 88, line 6.

For *scarcely* read *scarce* : page 90, line 11.

For *merchandize* read *merchandise* : page 91, line 9.

DEDICATION.

MY DEAR PARENTS,

To you under God I owe all that I have or am. To you therefore I offer these my first-fruits with the prayer that you may long be spared, a blessing to your children and friends.

O. G.

PREFACE.

From sundry fugitive pieces penned during my school and college days, I have made a selection and published them with some additions and alterations. If any of them please I shall be pleased, if any of them profit I shall be profited. What of them were written during 'the times of ignorance' I hesitated to put forth, but have let them go thinking that at least they would do no harm. Receive them, courteous Reader, in a lenient and favourable spirit and

Yanewell.

SECULAR POEMS.

SECULAR POEMS.

Cloud and Sunshine.

In sternest reverie Sir Canulph stood
Within the reverend ancestral hall
Gulping great sighs. The blue and swollen
veins
Which rose like cords upon his temples fair,
And twitching mouth and quiv'ring nostril
shew'd
The deep emotion of a haughty soul.

B

His trouble this : Bertha, his own betroth'd,
Sprung of a noble house, ambitious, proud,
Although she lik'd him, caught by the glitter
Of a greater title and of riches
Well-nigh boundless, breaks her obligation,
Marries a neighb'ring thane, and prostitutes
Beauty for wealth, thus sinning against God,
Her husband and herself. Pondering much
Her folly and his trouble there he stood,
While cluster'd in a wild and fev'rish crowd
Upon his brain a hundred bitter thoughts,
And this perhaps the bitterest, that he
Had lov'd one most unworthy. Should he
give,
He ask'd himself, the reins to stormy rage,
And seek the thane in arms, or should he use
Contemptuous silence? Like a balance-
tongue

He waver'd 'twixt these two; nor was it
strange,

For love unquell'd still pleading in his breast
Forbad extremes, but disappointment claim'd
Some notice and regard. Each counterblast
Of inward storm e'en turn'd him like a vane
As fitfully it blew both hot and cold.

In this dilemma fix'd, he first drew down
His brows and mutter'd horrid threats, and
then

Changing his mind he curl'd his lips to sneer,
And laugh'd a mocking laugh; but all in vain,
He could not reconcile things contrary.

At this, while thus he chaf'd in savage mood,
There softly came behind a black-cowl'd
monk,

An inmate of the abbey close at hand,

Who by the force of subtle intellect
Had gotten him strange hold upon the mind
Of this most wayward youth, and by soft
words

And other arts well known to such as he,
By seeming low to bend, most easily
He bent beneath his own the harsher will,
As cunning smiths are wise to subjugate
The hardest steel : and so, among the rest,
He fail'd not to secure great benefit
For order, abbey, and the Holy Church.
Indeed, Sir Canulph's mother's soul did get
Peace and repose but by the sacrifice
Of ten fat acres, bord'ring on the stream
Which flow'd hard by ; and many a noble
buck

And cask of sparkling Malvoisie did go
To cheer the jovial monks by his device.

Scarce fifty years had touch'd the thin dark
locks,
Which crisp'd around his white and polish'd
head,
With grey : but this was well ; it gave to him
A rev'rend air. His massive beetl'ing brow
Hung grandly o'er his small, black, piercing
eyes,
By which he awed or won, much as he would.
His face was pale and wore a kind of look
Of self-constraint, for so by seeming oft
He seem'd what he was not, and by the most,
Though frequent wear, that which he had
borrow'd
Was thought to be his own : but to the wise
And soul discerning man, that heavy lip
And pond'rous jaw, meet token of a weight
Which holds in grievous thrall the sensuous
soul,

Shew'd otherwise. Such was the man, who
came

On such event, a skilful engineer,
To turn the mountain torrent to account.

"My Son," quoth he, in deep and mellow tone,
"Thou art distress, a fierce volcano burns
Within thine heart, nor do I think it strange;
The soul of man in cloisters far remov'd
From busy haunts alone is undisturb'd
By care and tyrannies of life. For this
Thou art not fit; but if it have no vent,
This hidden fire which shakes the mountain
side

Will soon consume : an outlet must be found
For such Vesuvian heats : I counsel thee
That thou should'st go and join our gallant
king,
Who in the Holy Land is waging now

Successful war : let great ambition be
The cure of bootless love. And think thee too
How, when thou comest back the favourite
Of fortune, loaded with the richest spoils
Of Paynim realms, the king's right hand, and
crown'd

With wealth, high glory, titles and renown,
Bertha will then regret her present choice
And sigh and weep, but weep and sigh in vain.
Thus shall she rue as ancient Rome did rue
For brave Camillus banish'd from her hearths,
When Brennus and his Gaulish hornets
swarm'd

Thickly around the lofty Capitol.
Thy goods and lands thou may'st in safety
trust,

In perfect safety trust to our good care,
The faithful care of our great monast'ry."

Thus spake the wily monk, nor did he speak
Without effect, for ere another sun
Had shed his rays athwart the castle court,
Or tipp'd the battlements with ruddy light,
Full twenty stout retainers, valiant men,
Were burnishing in haste their clanging arms;
And ere the grey old rough-hewn walls were
warm,

A gallant band, in number twenty-two,
Pass'd through the eastern gate; and brightly
shone

The glist'ring steel and all their bravery.

* * * *

Twas ev'ning, and Sir Canulph wounded,
faint,

(The battle fierce had been) sat listlessly
Within his tent near well-built Ascalon

And watch'd the blood-red sunset through
the door.

Anon while homeward far his thoughts did
roam,

There came a fragile form with harp in hand
Between him and the light. He scarce did
heed

The interruption, so absorb'd was he
In fancy's mesh, till after one or two
Long sweeps across the instrument, which rose
And died like wind before the rain, the youth
Did join his clear sweet voice in harmony,
And as he sang of merry English homes,
And grassy meads, and noisy babb'ling
brooks,
And greenwood bow'rs alive with happy birds,
The knight did cast his eyes across the brown
Parch'd reeking plain, and then the knight
did sigh

And shed a tear.—The silv'ry tones had ceas'd
And in the distance seem'd to melt away,
When, like a man awaking from a dream,
The knight did raise his head half consciously,
And near him saw a boy with modest cheek
And flowing auburn hair, casting his eyes
Upon the ground ; his pale lips stood apart,
As if beseechingly ; his hand still lay
Across the strings from which he late had
drawn
Such tender chords, and trembled visibly.

“Come near, fair youth,” Sir Canulph said,
“and tell
Whence art thou here, and what thine errand
too,
If such thou hast ; thou speak'st the honest
tongue ;
Perhaps from white-cliff'd England just
arriv'd ;

If so, come tell me what of news there is
From that fair Isle to pass the weary time."

The boy drew near, and blushing made reply,
"Sir Knight, much toss'd by land and sea

I came,

A pilgrim, with the force auxiliary,
Led out by Lord de Braye. A week ago
I landed safe at Jaffa, far renown'd.

And this my livelihood, wherein I trust
Till I shall reach the Holy Sepulchre ;

I sing sweet songs before the soldiery
Deep wearied with the swelt'ring march or
fight,

And they relieve all want ; but when I praise
The sea-girt Isle, their generosity
Doth know no bounds, their kindness lavish
grows,

And hearing, good Sir Knight, that thou
wert ill

And wounded, if perchance my song might
please

And soothe I came to try ; one of my best
I chose, and trust 'twas not presumptuous.
Of England which I left four months now past
Little I have to tell, and that, ' the Scots
In absence of our king, grown bold do vex
The border with marauding bands ;' aught else
I know not worth thy notice or regard."

Thus spake he, and the knight delighted
much

With his address commanded him to come
Within the tent, and talk'd with him till night
With darksome wing descended on the earth ;
And as he talk'd, much overcome with toil
At length he fell asleep ; the way-worn boy

Lay down too near the door, and soon was
lock'd

In slumber's arms, and thus was pass'd the
night.

With grey-eyed morn had broke the thickest
gloom,

Ere yet the sun had stain'd the orient sky,
And woke the silent camp to life again,
Sir Canulph and the boy were both arous'd
By challenge of the hoarse-voic'd sentinel,
(Alarm'd by some distorted shape which
loom'd

Strange in the still uncertain, ghostly light,)
From placid rest ; and starting to his feet
The boy look'd down and blush'd a crimson
blush ;

Not seeing this in early dawn, the knight

Spake thus, " Yest're'en, good youth, I much
was pleas'd

With thy sweet song, and if it seem to thee
Then thou shalt be my page, and shalt attend
My wanderings, nor any want shalt know."

"Sir Knight, Sir Knight," the modest youth
replied,

"Unus'd am I to lordly ways and things
And much I fear that I can never please :
But still my heart is willing, and perchance
If thou canst bear with patience, till I learn,
My failings and my faults, I might by care
Soon find to serve thee well and faithfully.
One thing alone, if I may be so bold,
I will desire, to have a little tent
To pitch beside thine own, that I may wait
On thee more readily, and not intrude."

“Granted,” the knight replied, “nor is the
boon
So great that thou should’st ask thus trem-
blingly.”

Thus was the compact made, and lovingly
That youth did serve his lord: in all the host
Was not another page that serv’d like he,
Who waited on his master’s eye and hung
Upon his lips with such fidelity,
And yet in all without officiousness.
And then at eve, when good Sir Canulph sat
Within his tent out-wearied with his toils,
He made such fairy music with his harp
And sang such tender lays, the knight forgot
His labours and fatigue. Nor was this all;
For twice he nurs’d his lord in fierce disease,
And day and night did scarcely leave his side,

And once in hottest battle sav'd his life,
What time, though much forbidden by the
knight,
As if by secret instinct drawn along,
He follow'd him through maddest fight and
wore
A charmed life, and ready just in time
He turn'd aside a blow which came behind,
And unforeseen would would instantly have
laid
The gallant warrior gasping in the dust.

* * * * *

'Twas Christmas eve, and in Sir Canulph's
hall
The sparkling Yule-log blaz'd, and revelry,
Chaste, simple, innocent, to celebrate
The knight's return, held sway. The merry
game

And not indecent dance engag'd the young,
While sires and dames look'd on approvingly.
The clamour now from thrice a hundred
tongues
And thrice a hundred feet had reach'd its
height,
When suddenly a murmur and a hush
Went through the crowd, and ev'ry eye was
turn'd
To him who tow'ring on the dais stood.

And thus the knight, "Tis thrice ten months,
my friends,
Since I did leave for Palestine, and now
Once more I find myself among you all.
Why then I left I think is known to you;
But time hath heal'd the wound nor left a
scar.

Full twenty bold retainers and my 'squire,
Brave Cerdric, went with me, and by the care
Of loving Providence are here to-night."

As thus he spake, by preconcerted sign
A curtain rose and on the dais stepp'd
A bronzed band, in number twenty-one ;
Forward they came, and then a mighty shout
Of admiration and of proud delight
From ev'ry throat did shake the lofty roof.
The sparkling eyes and smiling faces told
Of fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, friends.

And then the knight, " Good men and true
they be

As ever wielded axe : before you here
I thank them now for all their services ;
Nor shall they find ingratitude in me.
But one there is come back with me, unknown

By all of you, but worthy of a name
In chronicles for faithful constancy,
My page, I mean, the youthful Lionel.
Twice has he nurs'd my feeble frame when
 low
I lay with fever stricken, and again
In battle once he sav'd my perill'd life."

But here there rose a noisy whispering
Among the men at arms, and all the crowd
Look'd wistfully and yet not satisfied.
At this the knight him turn'd and cast around
His wond'ring eyes, which saw not what
 they sought.

"Ah! where is Lionel," he said; the men
With faces blank at one another star'd;
"Where, where is Lionel," again exclaim'd
Impatiently the knight; but no man spoke.

c 2

All in dead silence stood, when from the
crowd

There darted forth with timid cry a maid
Who fell down like a suppliant at the feet
Of good Sir Canulph. All drew back, and
then

In words most passionate the maid began,
“ Sir Knight, Sir Knight, forgive the youth
I pray

Who did deceive your generosity :
I am that youth, Sir Knight, alas, alas !
The Lady Bertha’s foolish tiring-maid.
My birth is good, the daughter of a knight
Well known to fame, but through variety
Of most untoward circumstance reduc’d
To low estate. And thus, when he was dead,
Too proud to let my name Joan Burningham
Be join’d with beggary, I left the place

Where I was born, and as the tiring-maid
Lenore, unknown to any save myself,
I serv'd for hire, and thus it came to pass
I saw thee oft;—and when my lady died
By base ill-usage of Lord Avernol
I went to Palestine; thou know'st the rest.”

*

*

*

*

The bright new year was not a fortnight old
When good Sir Canulph to the altar led
His pretty page; and there the secular *
Much to the wrath of Canulph monast'ry
(But then Sir Canulph by experience

* Such Monks as were ordained to the priesthood were called “regulars,” in contradistinction to the “seculars,” who were the Parish Priests and had the cure of souls.

Had learnt to hold the monks in small
esteem,)
Did join them twain in happiest union ;
And many a year they liv'd a blessing great
To all around, and ev'ry Christmas eve
Brave doings there were in good Sir Can-
ulph's halls.

The Suicide.

The night was dark, athwart the sky
Clouds roll'd incessantly ;
The angry blast came whirling by,
And shrieking piteously.

The cold, chill rain swept down in sheets
And patter'd on the stream,
None wish'd that night to thread the streets
Beneath the lamps' sad gleam.

But on the bridge a shrouded form,
A form that once was fair,
Was standing in the pelting storm
With wild, dishevell'd hair.

Her face was thin and worn with grief,
Her eyes were sunk and dim,
Her hours of joy had been but brief,
Her sorrows stern and grim.

O'er her cheeks the scalding tears
Fast chas'd each other down,
And more than once mov'd by her fears
She turn'd her towards the town.

At length in trembling accents fell
Words from her broken heart,
"Oh, George"! she said, "I lov'd thee well,
'Tis hard, 'tis hard to part.

Ah, cruel man, thou'st brought disgrace
Upon my spotless name;
But soon these waters shall efface
My grief, my life, my shame.

My babe is dead with cold and want,
I wish not more to live
To hear the cruel wanton taunt,
Which all who know me give.

All my woes I could have borne
If thou hadst faithful been,
But now thou'st left my life forlorn,
Another's face thou'st seen."

Thus spake she, and with madden'd haste
Upon the wall she stept,
And down into the wat'ry waste
The wretched woman leapt.

The bargemen heard the sullen splash,
And look'd out in the gloom,
Naught they saw in the angry wash,
To tell her fearful doom.

The stream gush'd on, athwart the sky
Clouds roll'd incessantly,
The furious blast came whirling by,
And shrieking piteously.

An Impromptu.

Reedy, sedgy, stagnant pool,
Where the frogs and newts bear rule,
What saw'st thou that fatal night
By the dim and sickly light
Of the horned, waning moon ?
I ween it was a shrilly tune
The foully-murder'd woman sang
That through the sighing willows rang,
As they dragg'd her to the brink
And plung'd her in to drown and sink.
I ween thou shudder'dst o'er and o'er
Shiv'ring to thy furthest shore,
Ripple, ripple, as they gave
Her body to a wat'ry grave.

I ween those flesh-clad fiends will hear
Till their dying day, to skeer
Their guilty souls, those awful shrieks ;
They 'll hear them not for days or weeks,
But till they die : and after that—
I dare not say what after that.

A Sonnet.

Dost ask, my love, if I e'er lov'd
Another love but thee,
If by another's charms unchain'd
I ever have been free.

Then learn that once methought I lov'd
A maid, and she was fair ;
But now I know full well, my love,
How little love was there.

✦

She, like some wat'ry winter's sun,
Unfroze my ice-bound breast ;
But soon more hard it froze again,
Nor yet found I sweet rest.

Till one glad day I saw thy face
So sweet, so kind, so rare,
And soon thou meltedst all my soul
Till nought but love was there.

To Camilla.

O lark and dusky nightingale,
Linnet and thrush and ev'ry bird,
Everywhere in hill and dale
Be your concerted voices heard.

Camilla loves me ! raise then high
Your strains argute, and let your notes
Filling the land with melody
Convulse your little warbling throats.

Sing on, sing on from morn till night ;
With strains argute fill all the land ;
Flooding the air so soft and bright
Convulse yourselves, ye feather'd band.

'Tis vain ! ye may not now prevail :
Camilla loves me ! and my heart
More full of song is : ye must fail
To rival by a seventh part.

To Camilla.

O dusky nightingale, away
To southern climes ; lark, linnet, thrush,
Cease, cease your now unwelcome lay ;
O ev'ry bird, your music hush !

Camilla loves me not ; she smil'd
But to deceive me, and my grief
Seems more than I can bear ; the wild,
Drear desert were a sweet relief.

Sing not, ye birds ; ye insect tribes,
For pity cease your busy hum :
Deep, deep her furrows woe inscribes ;
The sorrow of my life is come.

O nature, things created all,
Camilla loves me not : then let
The deepest stillness like a pall
Around my deaden'd soul be set.

To Camilla.

Camilla's soft and dimpled hand
Pluck'd a moss-rose and gave it me,
The fairest of the scented band
Her merry, laughing eye could see.

Just blushing from its hiding-place
Of green the pink look'd coyly out,
Each adding to the other's grace,
Each spoilt the other left without.

An emblem of thy love I ween,
Camilla, was the pretty rose,
Most sweet, yet blushing to be seen,
The shyest, sweetest flow'r that grows.

To Camilla.

(On her return from a long journey.)

My love is come back to me ; sweet love !
The earth beneath and skies above
Seem far brighter than before ;
The glitt'ring sunbeams kiss mine eyes,
Shot back from where the river lies,
More merrily than of yore.

When thou hadst gone from me, sweet love !
The earth beneath and skies above
Did seem with grief enshrouded ;
The river, where the sunlight plays
Shiver'd a hundred thousand ways,
Too oft with gloom beclouded.

O sweet one, go away again
No more, thine absence works such pain
And troubles me with sorrow :
O stay with me and be my light,
Nor leave me to a lonesome night
Of waiting for the morrow !

A Love Story.

“Sing, sing, sing.”

“What shall I sing, my love?”

“Sing, sing, sing

Something that shall bring

Joy to my heart, my love ;

For I am sad,

Very, very sad ;

So sing, and make me glad.”

At such invoke

Camilla took

With angel-look

Her harp, and broke

Forth in tender, love-born lay,

Which as she wove,

Unconscious drove

The melancholy fit away.

At the window she sat
Near the wheeling bat;
And the light did peer
Weird-like and queer
From the moon so clear,
As thus she sang :

“ I know a tree,
A hawthorn tree,
All by itself it stands ;
’Tis God’s own tree,
So fair and free,
Implanted without hands.

Beneath that tree,
That very tree,
There stood a man and maid ;

D 2

And though 'twas eve,
Quite dusky eve,
That maid was not afraid.

On leaves was dew,
In eyes was dew,
Morn was their bridal morn ;
But as his through
Her arm he drew,
She did not seem forlorn.

‘ Edward,’ she said,
So softly said,
‘ Thou’lt love me always, dear.’
He bow’d his head
But nothing said ;
The dew became a tear.

And well that pledge,
That silent pledge
Has been redeem'd by thee ;
That token bright
Was given that night,
Was given, my love, to me."

She ceas'd :
Delicious joy
Without alloy
Increas'd,
And over my heart-strings swept ;
The music it made
Like a sunbeam play'd
And the phantoms laid
And into my soul-deeps crept.

So sweet the dream,
So bright the gleam
Of love and happiness, mine eyes
I dare not ope
Lest it elope ;
The wond'rous and unusual prize !

Thus as I lay, and might have lain
Till morn the sky with red did stain,
Soft to my side
My love, my pride,
My joy, my life,
My wee-wife
Came like a spirit and she knelt,
And her warm, quick breath I felt,
As on my breast
Her head did rest,
And her arm round my neck she closely
prest.

Oh hour of purest birth,
That was not born of earth!—
Gently now we fell asleep,
Poor happy things!
Not heeding what the day brings
Gently now we fell asleep.

A Wish. (To C. M. W.)

Laughing eyes, laughing eyes,
Oh those happy laughing eyes!
Blue as heaven,
Bright as sun,
With a leaven
Of the moon!
Their brilliant course is now begun;
May they not go down till noon,
Not till a ripe, long day is done!

On a Summer Morning.

The sparkling dew
Fills ev'ry pew
In God's great church,
Till not an empty seat
Is found
All round,
Not even space
For fairy feet,
Though for a place
They search and search.

The Soldier's Farewell to Alma.

Alma! farewell; may time as soon efface
The tears that trickle down the widow's face

As thou the bloodmarks sweepst from thy
 breast,
And may the childless mother's bosom rest
As calm as when thy waters calmest sleep
As on they roll to join the mighty deep.

Elfin Love Song.

Come, my sweet and lovely Airy,
 Flitting brightly o'er the lea,
Come and be my pretty fairy,
 Come and roam along with me :
All around the world we'll wander
 Over land and over sea,
And as we go we'll grow the fonder
 Tripping it right merrily.

We will visit snow-capp'd mountains,
Mirth shall make the valleys ring
As we sit by sunny fountains
And the bees their tribute bring.
When the days are hot and sultry
'Neath cool grots our forms we'll fling:
When the moon streams forth in beauty,
Then we'll madly dance and sing.

Sipping from a thousand flowers
Honey mingled with the dew,
Darting through the greenwood bowers
We will seek some elfin-crew ;
Altogether then we'll gambol
Mazes threading ever new,
Then through beds of roses ramble,
Amaranths and violets blue.

Should the stormy shower vex us,
Should the dire tornado sweep,
Should the chilly blast perplex us,
Into some old oak we'll creep;
There we'll lie sweet discourse holding
While the winds their revels keep,
With our arms each other folding,
Till at length we sink in sleep.

When at last they cease their roaring
And the sun shines forth once more,
Then from out our refuge soaring
Forth, like birds, our songs we'll pour;
Then, our hearts with gladness swelling,
We will seek the wild sea shore,
And, as we sit our soft love telling,
Listen to the waters roar.

Then amid the billows glancing
We will battle with the spray,
Madly shouting, madly dancing
As we mingle in the fray.
Thus our time one round of pleasure
Quick shall pass by night and day,
And thou shalt be my only treasure,
So, lovely Airy, come away.

Farewell.

I leave my heart behind me ;
Farewell, - farewell ;
The hot tears nearly blind me,
As forth they well.

My soul her deep devotion
Feeling, feeling,
All trembles with emotion
And droops her wing.

Never shall I see thee more,
Ah me, ah me !
Ne'er can time my peace restore
Nor comfort me !

Pilgrim sighing out my life
I aye must dwell ;
Death alone can close the strife,
Farewell, farewell !

SERIOUS POEMS.

SERIOUS POEMS.

To Spring.

O lovely Spring,
We 're glad to see thee, gentle Spring,
A thousand joys thy voice doth bring
 To cheer our hearts ;
For thy bright face
Away the cruel cold doth chase,
And to the earth a wondrous grace
 Straightway imparts.

E

O Spring so sweet,
We all rejoice to see thee beat
Beneath thy merry, shining feet
 Old Winter stern,
Who in his grasp
Poor shudd'ring nature's form did clasp
So tight, she could but feebly gasp
 For thy return.

And now thou 'rt come,
She finds once more her voice long dumb,
And all around we hear the hum
 Of gladness rise;
Her hymns of praise,
Which grateful for thy sunny days,
She sings, a thousand, thousand ways
 Ascend the skies.

Her bosom heaves,
The trees put forth their freshest leaves,
The tender grass her carpet weaves
 For thy soft tread,
In pastures wide
The golden king-cups side by side
With pretty daisies, yellow-eyed,
 Bend head to head.

The happy birds,
The bleating flocks and lowing herds
In sounds more eloquent than words
 Express their joy :
The bee again
Pursues her way across the plain,
For, winter gone, she now would find
 Her time employ.

Nay, e'en must man
With care oppress'd and trouble wan,
As thy soft breath his cheek doth fan,
 Thy presence feel ;
And he is led
Perchance a silent tear to shed,
And for a pray'r more thought than said
 A moment steal.

Thou to each heart,
That reads aright, a blessing art,
To such a hope thou dost impart
 Of better things ;
Thou whisperest
To souls with earth's harsh storms distressed
A hope of sweet, unending rest,
 That comfort brings.

Thou tellest too
That God is kind and ever true,
Whose mercy falleth as the dew,
 As soft, as free :
O lovely Spring,
May'st thou thy spell around us fling
And teach our hearts His praise to sing,
 Who sendeth thee.

To the Sons of Wealth.

Go to now, ye rich, and think
 On the sorrows of the poor ;
Go to their homes, nor shrink
 To enter the poor man's door.

There ye shall see that shall make
Your hearts run over with grief,
If woe your hearts can awake
To seek for the tear's relief:

Lambs led astray from the womb,
And none to set them aright ;
E'en from the crib to the tomb
Their passage a hopeless blight.

Girls driven forth by the wolf
Gnawing within to their shame,
Souls driven forth to the gulf,
Mælstrom of virtue and fame.

Big men, (once sturdy and strong)
Hollow-eyed, ghostly, yet brave,
Dragging their bodies along,
Till worn they sink to the grave.

•
Weary wives wasting away
With care and trouble and wrong,
No one the current to stay,
Nor save from the fiends that throng.

“Help or I perish,” they cry ;
And will ye harden your hearts ?
If ye that succour deny,
Your wealth shall turn to hell-darts.

Then seek with mammon of sin
(Best use) everlasting friends ;
Soon 'twill too late to begin,
Too late for making friends.

War.

In a thundering car
Rides red-hand War
With his garment dyed in blood,
His flag he unfurls
And he laughs as he hurls
Death, where the corn-fields stood.

“Glory” he cries,
And the watchword flies
Over the land and the sea,
The nations arm
In wrath and alarm
And the monster shouts with glee.

Children weep and mothers sigh,
A big tear drops from the maiden's eye;
But *glory* calls,
The victim falls,
And the Demon, War, gloats fearfully.

On doth he ride
In pomp and pride,
In his train are fire, gore, misery;
But what cares he,
He loves to see
The crimson revelry.

Where nature smil'd
Is carnage wild,
And the weltering corse-heaps tell,
That up and abroad
With pitiless sword
Is raging a fiend of Hell.

The oceans boom
With cannon-roar,
There's many a doom
On many a shore,
And he shrieks with delight
At the mad sea fight,
As the broadsides rip
Each gallant ship;
And when they sink
He's there to drink
His hideous cups of joy.

Now back, Demon, back
With thy bloody ræk,
Back to thy Demon-home !
How durst thou deface
The beauteous grace
Of God's bright earth thy hateful roam ?

Oh Earth, Earth, Earth,
Break forth in mirth !
Rejoice ! the good time nears ;
For a thousand years
Shall War be chain'd ; e'en so,
'Tis at the door,
And then no more,
Till comes the end,
Shall War dare bend
His hell-forg'd bow !

The Seamstress.

" I'm a-weary, I'm a-weary,"
Thus a starving seamstress said
As ceasing from her task so dreary
Down she bent her aching head.

No food had pass'd her lips since morn
And that a scanty crust ;
Her poor thin garments they were worn
And tarnish'd with the dust.

The wind went eddying round her room,
And 'twas a bitter night ;
And naught was there to break the gloom
Save the ember's failing light.

“ Im a-weary, I'm a-weary,
Toiling early, toiling late,
Nothing in this world to cheer me,
Oh ! my God, why this my fate.”

She slowly rais'd her famish'd face,
She rais'd her bloodshot eye,
A fearful sight it was to trace
Its speaking agony.

Nothing, nothing had she there
Which might be chang'd for bread,
Naked poverty did stare ;
Again she bow'd her head.

A direful thought flash'd through her brain,
A thought she could not name,
A thought the maid could not restrain,
And yet it fill'd with shame.

Then down upon her knees she knelt
Beside her dying fire,
And pray'd, as though her soul would melt,
That God might strength inspire.

Thrice did the Tempter buffet her,
Thrice did he tempt the maid,
She only was the earnestest—
More earnestly she pray'd

Then from her bosom forth did take
A Book from which she read,
“ I will not leave thee nor forsake ; ”
“ Lord I believe,” she said.

She rose and o’er her countenance
There pass’d a shadow strange,
Upward she cast a holy glance,
And then a greater change !

Once more did she her seat regain,
Once more she bow’d her head ;
Unconscious now of grief or pain
Her gentle soul had fled.

To a Fair but Frail One.

Yes, thou art beautiful !
But like a marble tomb
Fill'd full with gloom
And dead-men's bones.
What if the stones
Be fair, and fitted to impress
The sight, if all within is filthiness !
O child of sin,
Fair without and foul within,
To God and self undutiful,
Thus, thus art thou beautiful !

How sweet had been that eye,
How fair that face,
If by God's grace
Thou hadst been train'd in purity !

Now none but those
Who choose as Legion chose *
Will come to thee ;
None but the living dead,
None, but those to filth bewed,
Will notice thee,
Poor outcast of humanity !

Sad is thy lot, poor butterfly !
Thou that goest mincingly ;
Small is thy gain
For all thy sorrow and thy pain,
For all thy wretched servitude
With men unholy, brutal, lewd,
To die !

* "He had his dwelling among the tombs." Mark v. 3.
"And all the devils besought him saying send us into
the swine." Mark v. 12.

Christmas Eve.

Tomorrow was the festival
Of Jesus Christ's nativity,
The glad, returning festival
Of Jesus Christ's nativity.
The red sun setting in the west
Glow'd like a ball of fire, and ting'd
With glory all the scene ; the rime,
Unmelted save in sunny spots,
Clad hill and dale in snow-white robes,
And fairy wreaths in myriads hung
Along the hedgerows glistening :
Nor had the trees, the lovely trees,
Cast off their morning tracery,
But flung their light fantastic shapes
Athwart the crimson and the blue.

The robin bold with ruddy breast
And beady eye came hopping near
The cottage door to seek for crumbs,
His ev'ning meal ; to-night 'twas large,
(Though scanty oft, poor little bird,)
For children dear had not forgot
Tomorrow was the festival
Of Jesus Christ's nativity,
The glad, returning festival
Of Jesus Christ's nativity.

For the good day of coming rest
The sun had set with promise big :
The village wore a look of joy,
And through the frosted window panes
The fires gleam'd bright and round the
 hearth
The rosy mother and her bairns

Did cluster cosily and talk
Of Christmas time and Christmas doings,
Wondering when their dad would
come

And whether master's wife would give
Th' accustom'd heap of Christmas cheer:
Then Polly oped the oven door
To watch the noble pie, and said
“'Twas nearly done ;” and odours sweet
From roast potatoes fill'd the place,
Whereat all eyes did twinkle bright
With expectation and delight.
But now the curly-headed Tom
Heard ringing steps along the road
And said, “'twas father, he was sure ;”
And quickly trooping to the door
They all ran out and clung around
The laughing, nut-brown hero's limbs,

And mother sprung to his embrace,
Whom better than her life she lov'd,
Nor had good master's wife forgot
To-morrow was the festival
Of Jesus Christ's nativity,
The glad, returning festival
Of Jesus Christ's nativity.

The moon had risen three spans high
Looking aslant the sleeping earth,
And in her gentle, silv'ry beams
Projected shadows long and deep
From well-thatch'd ricks and groaning
barns,
In which the thresher's cheery voice
No longer rose to greet the ear.
High in the midst the homestead old
Lifted its many-chimney'd roof,

O'er which the filmy smoke did curl
Telling of warmth and joy within.
The ev'ning meal was ended now
And in his chair the farmer sat
Smoking the long tobacco pipe,
With buxom partner by his side ;
And all the children romp'd about
With cheerful shouts and faces bright ;
Old Towler lay before the fire
Dreaming perhaps of olden times,
While puss, amaz'd at all the rout,
Within the fender to be safe
Had stretch'd herself full-length along.
At last, when all began to tire
Of fun and pleasant revelry,
The farmer cough'd, and from his pipe
Shook out the ash and laid it down ;—
The well-known signal all obey'd,

Emily call'd the servants in,
Kate trimm'd the lights and set the chairs,
The good wife drew the table near
And laid thereon the Book of Books,
And reach'd the good man's glasses down.
And now as all sit round to hear,
In gentle, loving tones and sweet,
While angels hover'd round and smil'd,
The farmer read to all his house
How Christ was born in Bethlehem,
How in the lowly manger laid
Because there was no room for Him,
Who made the world and ev'rything.
When that was done, with one accord
All rose and sang their ev'ning hymn,
Their grateful sacrifice of praise
For mercies manifold and great,
And then before the throne they bow'd

On bended knees and pray'd to Him
Whose arm doth move the universe.
Ah, simple, touching were the words
And humble was the voice which spoke
Of sins and of forgivenesses !
The farmer's eyes were dim that night,
And yet his heart was fill'd with joy
As he embrac'd each child in turn
And with his blessing sent to rest,
And told them they must not forget
To-morrow was the festival
Of Jesus Christ's nativity,
The glad, returning festival
Of Jesus Christ's nativity.

For my Sister's Album.

'Tis long ago, aye, long ago,
Though it seems but yesterday,
That in its cot as white as snow
A welcome stranger lay.

Softly to its side I crept,
And murmur'd "little sister,"
Then stooping o'er her as she slept
Tenderly I kiss'd her.

"God love thee little heart," I said,
"And save thee from all harm,
From ev'ry danger shield thine head
With his Almighty arm."

So said I then, so say I now,
“God keep thee, sister mine,
God keep thee till thine angel-brow
A crown of glory twine.”

To the Wind.

Thou fickle Wind,
Now rough, now soft, now harsh, now kind,
Who shall thee with fetters bind,
Or check thy course ?
Or who shall say,
Whither borne thou fleest away,
Where the sources of thy sway,
Thou subtle force ?

Rough canst thou be
When thou dost plough the stormy sea
And swift before thy might doth flee
 The shatter'd bark ;
Or when the oak
Uprooted by thy fatal stroke
With all its stubborn cables broke
 Falls stiff and stark.

Soft dost thou creep
When lazy summer-ev'nings sleep,
And summer's myriad flowers steep
 The scented air ;
Soft dost thou go,
And yonder alder scarce doth shew
With quiv'ring leaves and murmur low
 That thou art there.

Harsh is thy rage
When thou relentless war dost wage
With half-clad forms bent down with age
 And penury ;
Or cold dost fly
Through the batter'd garret high,
Where dying some poor wretch doth lie
 In agony.

Thou canst be kind,
When thou dost soothe the swelt'ring hind,
Who 'neath the autumn sun doth bind
 The yellow sheaves ;
Or when to land
Thou bearest swift the longing band, .
Which sailing for a foreign strand
 Its country leaves.

And yet, O Wind,
Thou leav'st nor joy nor grief behind
Without the knowledge of that Mind,
Which ruleth thee ;
Thou canst not harm,
Nor thy fiercest wrath alarm
The man that trusteth in the arm
Of Deity.

Lings.

(On being told a very sad incident)

Go, now, ——, go to yon bed-side,
To yon bed-side where anguish-riven lies
A form, that once was very beautiful,
Though now so loathsome: go, and think
what she,
But for thy sinful wiles, might now have been,

A mother, with a troop of innocents
Nestling around her full of ruddy health,
And basking in the sunshine of her smile.
Think how a husband wearied with his toil
Might now have sought the solace of her care,
And loving and belov'd have fondly gaz'd,
Into her comely face and called her 'wife';
Think of her climbing on the Sabbath day,
Supported by his strong and vig'rous arm,
The gentle slope that leadeth to the house
Of God, and mingling there her soft, sweet
voïce

With his more manly tones in prayer and
praise.

Aye, think on these things and a thousand
more,

And then betake thee to that fearful couch,
And look upon the ghastly scene reveal'd;

The dire corruption, and the glazing eye,
The gibb'ring lips that with delirious haste
Mutter black curses, horrible as hell,
To usher up her soul to that dread bar,
Where all must stand. But listen, dost not
hear

Thine own name too with imprecations join'd
Rise through the tainted air to frighten thee?
Canst thou bear this? does it not make thee
reel?

Does not the blood dash through thy burst-
ing brain

Like molten iron searing as it goes,
And leave thee scath'd as with a thunderbolt?

Stand near, and nearer yet, and contemplate
What thou hast done; then tremble for the
day

When thou shalt see the fury of the Lord
Arise up in his face, when he shall lay
The ruin to thy charge of this poor wreck,
Which here before thee lies a-perishing.

O man, if I may call thee man, know well
That in the great Heart-searcher's holy eyes,
Yon wretched thing, in spite of all its sin,
In spite of all its heap'd-up blasphemy,
Is not so vile as thou, thou worm! thou scorn!

To my Mother.

My mother dear, those eyes, those eyes !
Oh ! what a world of love there lies
In those deep eyes ! what mellow, sweet
And holy warmth my gaze doth meet
Melting what of callous hardness
Dwells in my heart with tenderness !

Often when parted from thy side
By weary time and distance wide,
Or when around one some unkind
By word or act expression find
Of inward thought, then is it good
To cool the heat of angry blood,
Or cheer the dull monotony
By breathing forth the soft home-sigh,
By calling back the longing look
Thou gav'st to me when last I took
My leave of thee, or when, the night
Before I left, the mournful light
Had sunk deep in the socket, while
With subtlety thou didst beguile
A little longer yet to stay,
And scarce would let me go away
Against the dawn to seek for rest;
And when at last our lips were prest

As if they ne'er would meet again,
Then those eyes did flash the pain,
That thou didst feel thyself, to me—
It was a spark of sympathy.—

Oh mother mine, we feel and know
More than we can tell or show ;
By those strong cords, which bind our hearts,
We speak though time and distance parts,
And shall, till both our spirits soar
To realms, where parting comes no more.

Dear mother, pray we for the time
When we the sacred heights shall climb,
And live again in highest love
In spirit worlds far, far above,
And there before his throne down fall
Who is the Father of us all.

Home.

Home, sweet home ! home I'm returning,
Home, to satisfy my yearning ;
To see fond faces beaming love
Give back full measure and above
Of sympathy for sympathy.
Home ! thy sweet name, for apathy
A sov'reign cure, doth stir my soul
And cause a happy tear to roll
Adown my cheek : well can I feel
What 'tis that makes the heart of steel,
What 'tis that makes the mariner,
The exile and the wanderer,
As o'er the earth afar they roam,
Sigh and exclaim " No place like home."

Can it be true a few short hours
Will bring me to those happy bowers
Of love undying, love so pure,
Love that still abideth sure,
Whate'er the world may say or think,
Love that knoweth not to shrink,
Though to its object fierce-eyed scorn
May point exulting o'er a torn
And broken heart, but feelingly
The shiv'ring butt of calumny
Shelters with warm and downy wings
Hoping and believing all things?

Oh home ! glad from the stony face
Of outer life to turn I trace
Once more my steps to thee ; no cold,
Chill looks are thine : thou dost enfold
With no uncordial arms thy child :
Oh home ! thou envy-undefil'd,

Bright is thy greeting, dear the voice
That makes my inmost soul rejoice,
As, like an angel-symphony,
It falls with witching minstrelsy
On thirsty ears, that would not miss
One single note that gives such bliss.
Soft thy embrace ; thy laughing eyes
Outpouring love without disguise
Fill me with rhapsody, and bring
Such quiverings, as stir the string
And call forth music from the lyre,
Which gentle Zephyr doth inspire,
Music so plaintive yet so sweet
’T seems like the tread of fairy feet.

O my home ! well dost thou please
With all thy kind amenities,
Which bring content ; fair in my sight
Art thou, my home, my fond delight !

Home !—be it cottage, be it dome,
God grant I ne'er may want a home !
Or home on earth or home in heaven,
The shadow of the substance given
To lure us on from good to best,
Ever be mine, then am I blest.
Oh home, sweet home, bright home, dear
home,
God grant I ne'er may want a home !

Summer-Eve,

The summer winds sigh soft on summer eves
'Mid lofty elms and rustling alder trees ;
The restless dusk-flies from the thickset hedge
And leafy bow'r and moss-grown shelter'd
bank

Of dykes flit forth in sportive mood to find
Their countless playmates, crowding o'er the
peaks

Of shrub and tree and make a plaintive sound.
The chafer wheeling round with solemn burr
Drops like a rain-splash on some neighb'ring
bough.

Some nestling i' the thicket close at hand
Disturbed by some yet unaccustom'd sound
Untuck their heads and chirrup warily
And then go-sleep again : a twitter too
From yonder overhanging thatch is heard,
For swallows there have plac'd their well-
built home.

From flower-beds hard-by the mignonette
Forth scatters far and wide its fragrancy,
And sweet-briar, scarce perceptible, conjoins
Its grateful breath to steep the balmy air :

Marauding bats from nooks and crannies
launch

In middle air uncouth and sombre forms
Avoiding with strange skill projecting capes
And points, pursuing noiseless paths in gyres
For ever new ; mysterious things, they seem
Like creatures from another world, so still
Their flight, causing a soft delicious awe !
From yonder oak the night-bird's wailing
cry

Startles the fitful echoes of the wood
At intervals, and landrails frequently
Send forth discordant notes melodious made
By distance. From yon valley too the kine
Browsing the clover-grass with dew most
sweet

Low peacefully and all speaks peace, the
light

Yet trembling in the Northern sky speaks
peace,

The lustrous stars above speak peace, the
moon

Just rising o'er the long-drawn bank of clouds,
What time the glow-worm lights her tiny
lamp,

Speaks peace ; and undisturb'd by petty cares
Of life the tranquil soul can rise aloft
And hold communion with HIM. Oh ! hours
Of holy joy, when deep and melting thoughts
Come quick and powerful, shaking the frame
Of flesh till that poor tabernacle seems
Scarcely able to contain them !

Spirit of love,
Touching the inner man with living fire,
And for the time outpurging things of earth,

Uplifting him to sit in heav'nly seats
With wonder wrapt,—for these great benefits,
For these sweet foretastes of a higher state
And joy blessed be Thou, O Infinite!

A Sigh.

Oh for an aged, venerable friend,
A spiritual giant good as great,
Within whose loving soul mine own might
rest,
That we might interchange in commerce
sweet
The precious soul-sprung merchandize of
thought
And all that is ennobling, pure and true !
If this were mine well could I be content

To take the second place and yield the first
To him ; the signet he, I but the seal,
Rejoic'd the mirror mere of him to be
If so I might reflect such light as his.

Oh tell me in what particular spot
Of this wide world he dwells ? Oh tell me
where,

Where may I find that I may go to him,
One who could feel with tender sympathy
For all my doubts and soul-distressing fears,
Which too alluring mazy wanderings
In devious paths of speculation bring :
To whom I might unbosom all my care
And meet no harsh, unprofiting rebuke
Nor irritating laugh nor bigot frown,
But find a gentle hand to help and guide
O'er dang'rous grounds where he had been
before,

How gladly would I sit and learn of him
And watch the heav'n-lit glories of his face
And hang upon his lips ! How would I
twine

Like ivy round the awe-inspiring oak,
And strive to reach his heights, and contem-
plate
From thence the broad expanse in clearer
light !

Where is he whose fine soul can penetrate
Through yellow earth-born fogs to mysteries
Of holy things, but whose majestic faith
Can sharply draw the line beyond the
which

All human gaze is futile and in vain,
And thus can soar aloft in wond'rous heights
From ruin safe, because God-taught knows
Where he may go, where not, where stand,
where turn ?

Sat Sapienti.*

The clouds came heaving from the West,
The winds like anguish'd spirits scream'd,
The billows rose with foaming crest
And far and near the lightnings gleam'd.

On swept the storm, and out at sea
I saw, where skilful sailors shun,
A ship dismasted drift and she
Did fire the solemn minute gun.

The concave blaz'd with sudden light,
A thunder-burst shook all the air,
I look'd abroad and strain'd my sight,
But no, no gallant ship was there !

* Latin : " enough for a wise man."

I turn'd, and shelter'd by the rocks
And woods that round their summits ran,
A skiff scarce felt the rage that mocks
The skill and strength of puny man.

Thaumata.*

'Twas midnight ; on my weary couch I lay
Pierc'd with keen pains and praying for the
day,

When suddenly close by my side there rose
Strange, gloomy, indescribable, that froze
The curdling current of my veins, a form

* Wonders.

Nor like a man, nor beast, nor fish, nor worm,
Most like a bird, as much as it did seem
To flutter wings; but as a hideous dream
Oftimes no well-defin'd impression leaves
To grapple with and yet mysterious cleaves
Most horribly, so this.

A clammy hand,
At least a clammy something, like a band
Of ice was laid upon my brow, so cold,
So chill, I knew 'twas nothing but the hold
Of Death; and straight through ev'ry fibre
went
A shock so fierce, the shudd'ring soul was
sent
With one deep sigh beyond her earthly home
Far, far away in distant worlds to roam.

Trembling th' unbonded captive stands : she
views

Her old abode ; then flits and then renews
Her gaze, like birds when from the cage
set free

Fly off a-piece and then return to see
What 'twas that kept them in, nor yet do
find

The sweets of liberty, which others bind
With life, nor one without the other love ;
So she first darted up on high above
The reach of human ken, and then did sail
Swift as a thought back to the body pale,
And saw congealment stiffening each limb,
The lips grow livid and the eyeballs dim ;
And then again in strange bewilderment
Flew off like light : and thus she came and
went.

But now through ev'ry part a quivering
Did steal, a subtle, joyous quivering,
Yet not unmix'd with pain, such as a bride
Might feel on leaving first her mother's side
With him she lov'd ; and as she stood once
more

Close by the lifeless clay, unknown before
A shaking tremour spread through all her
being,

And then she seem'd to say, " Farewell, I'm
fleeing ;

" Farewell, poor body ! in a wardrobe cold
" A worn-out garment thou shalt lie, each fold
" Shall fall to dust ; but lo ! thou shalt not
sleep

" For ever, but shalt live again and sweep
" A golden harp of God, and cloth'd in light
" And immortality with splendour bright

“Shalt shine like Him, who conquer’d death
and hell

“And rose triumphant from the grave to dwell

“In human form on high ; yea, once again,

“When thou through all th’ appointed time
hast lain,

“I’ll come on that great resurrection morn,

“Which yet I know on this round world
must dawn,

“And put thee on and rise to meet the Lord

“With all his saints, according to His word.”

Thus spake she, and for a moment poising

Flitted away ! no mortal tongue could sing,

No verse describe what saw she in her course,

What various sights, what voices sweet and
hoarse,

What planets, stars, and comets cross’d her
way

H

As she did wing to realms of endless day !
What airless tracts she travers'd, where the
great

Red suns, looking as Hell herself had swate
In flight and left the fiery blood-drops there,
Hung undiffusive,—what fierce eyes did stare
And shrink abash'd,—what countenances
bright

With sweet encouragements did cheer her
flight,—

What nebulæ she pierc'd, whose clust'ring
globes

A common atmosphere surrounds and robes
In gorgeous light, all time would fail to tell,
Though to an age each moment I might swell.
In shorter time than I have told it in
Stars, comets, suns, to leave she did begin
Behind far distant. On the confines now

Of this wide universe she stood, the brow
Which hangs o'er emptiness, that dread profound

In which the universes move around
Their awful centre, numberless except
By Him in whose infinitude they 're kept.

There paus'd she and look'd back to see the
last

Of that she late had travers'd ere she cast
Into the deep abyss. But now she saw
Naught of those countless worlds, which by
a law

Immoveable preserve their proper sphere,
Save just a glimmering, which did appear
Uncertain, indistinct, like the dim light
Of distant towns in dark and cloudy night.

But now 'twas come! the last tremendous path
Through the vast, void profundity, which hath
No name; none but immortal essences
Can pass it through; betwixt existences
Incomprehensible to man, it stands
Embracing all material things in bands
Illimited, without a width or height,
Unknown, save to Jehovah Infinite.

Canst thou imagine if at noon-tide high
The sun's bright orb were blotted from the
sky,
And thou wert left in utter gloom to grope
In places strange, amaz'd and yet in hope,
How thou would'st feel? so felt my frightened
soul
When first she started for the far off goal!
And swift, more swift than all created things,

Except ethereal spirits now she flings
The deeps behind.

* * * * *

I woke ; it was a dream
And yet so like reality did seem
I scarce did know if I were in the flesh
Or not. Strange phantasy ! it dwelt so fresh
And clear upon my mind and e'en did rock
My intellect's foundation with the shock ;
And many a day it was ere I could roll
Those strange impressions from my spell-
bound soul.

SACRED POEMS.

SACRED POEMS.

A Hymn in Sickness.

Almighty and eternal God,
Oh ! heal me for thine only Son,
No longer smite me with thy rod ;
But, Lord, thy will be done.

Remember thou my weak estate,
And leave me longer yet to run,
Remove from me this grievous weight ;
But, Lord, thy will be done.

Lord, shall I perish in my sin,
Before repentance is begun ?
Oh ! may I yet thy kingdom win,
And may thy will be done.

Lord, raise me from this bed once more,
Teach me my former ways to shun,
That I may reach that blissful shore,
Where, Lord, thy will is done.

Consolation.

Why sits my love so sad
All alone ?
Why doth she moan
So sorely for the lad ?

He's gone, yet is not lost,
He will be found again ;
Thy grief, sweet wife, restrain,
Let not thy gentle soul be tost
In such convulsive pain.

Why weeps
My love and droops her head ?
He lives a spirit bright
In realms of glorious light :
Not e'en his body 's dead,
But sleeps.

Is it not right
The master of the garden take
Which flow'r he will ?
'Tis thus he loves to fill
His Paradise and make
An angel-sight.

It is not good that all
Be stately trees and tall,
But pretty border flow'rs should line
The paths to gratify
The Master's eye ;
So cease, I pray thee, wife mine,
Cease, I pray thee, to repine.

The time will soon be here
When by the crystal stream
We shall be planted near
Each other—very near,
And beneath it doth meseem
A little flow'r its head will rear
And brightly gleam,
Wife dear.

A Fragment.

Though with leaden clouds and dull
The Enemy of malice full
Strives and troubles to obscure

 The morning star,
 Which beams afar
With promise of a better day,
Yet my hope is steadfast, sure,
And God can drive the clouds away.

At times my heart is desolate,
My spirit sighs and seems disconsolate
 And faints for home ;
 Then the heavens come,
 And comfort bring,
And make the poor bird sing.

Cradle Song.

Sleep on, sleep on,
Thou pretty babe, so sweetly smiling !
I wonder now
What brings upon thine infant brow
That pleasant light
So soft and bright ;
With some fair vision
Thy guardian angel must be wooing
Fancy, sprightliest child of thought,
Shy one, never to be caught
And held like sister reason.

Or it mother's eyes may be
Shining down so lovingly
Like twin stars i' the ev'ning sky
While it yet is warm and rosy:

Or it may be that thou hearest
Something that thou never fearest,

• Father's mellow bass-voice
In thy soul's ear sounding :

It is deep, with mother's mingling

 In the gentle lullaby,

And mother loves to hear him sing

 And help her quiet the baby

 With his mellow bass-voice.

Whate'er it be, 'tis something good ;

And oh, my little one, I would

• Thy slumbers always were as sweet

As now ; and so they will

If the loving Spirit fence

Thy soul about with innocence

And guide aright thy little feet.

The law of Jesus to fulfill.

Christian Love.

If one thy cheek hath smote without fair
cause,

Why grieve thee ? e'en turn to him the other ;
If he still hate, the hurt is most to him,
But it may be thou hast found a brother.

If one revile and utter bitterness,
Then grieve not ; nay, let thy tongue be
loving ;

If he still curse, yet thou art blest ; if he
Repent, then thy words have double blessing.

In all things seek thine enemy with love,
It is a pow'r to quell the fiercest heart,
It smooths the turbid brow and calms the eye,
And bids the monster-demon, Rage, depart.

Love is the great fulfilling of the law,
The crowning glory of the christian life;
This is the link that binds together heaven
And earth, for ever else at hopeless strife.

Love then, and fit thyself by close and sweet
Communion with Him whose name is Love
For those blest seats where love doth reign
supreme,
The temple of thy Father-God above.

A Voice of the Morning.

**The Sun of Righteousness is ris'n
Fair and bright upon the earth,
And wilt thou sleep ?
Nay, brother, up and leap
Forth from the dark and noisome pris'n
In God's free air,
And drink in there
Immortal birth.**

Oh, Brother, would that thou could'st understand

The God-sprung life, its longings grand,
Its claspings and its hungerings,
Its infinite outreachings,
Its gaspings as a thirsty land.

Brother, awake
And know the glory of thy soul,
Thy fetters break
And back, aye, back the earth-scum roll :
Aspire ! aspire
Yet high and higher !
Sigh for God, for heaven yearn,
For these let all within thee burn !

A Hymn to Christ.

**Jesus, my Love, my Lord, my Life,
Melt thou my hard and sullen heart
And take it ev'ry whit :
Oh, why doth Sin with sorrow rife
Usurp within a single part
And like a demon sit ?**

**By this I know that, of a race
Degraded, fallen I am born
And never like to rise,
My soul approves the beauteous grace
Of good, yet doth it not, but torn
Of evil bleeding lies.**

But thou didst come, my Lord, my Love,
From sin and death to set me free
And make a child of God,
Didst leave thy glorious throne above
To give eternal life to me,
For me to bear the rod.

Oh may a broken Saviour break
The evil yoke and shed abroad
Within me love divine,
That as the web of life I make
Throughout my run a golden cord
Of holiness not mine ?

Hymn to God.

**O Great Jehovah, Father, God,
Thy glories how can mortal sing,
Thou, who fillest boundless space
And with whose praise the heavens ring !**

**Great God, before whom angels veil
Their faces, how shall I, a man
Fulfill'd of sin, lift up mine eyes
Thy glorious majesty to scan !**

I cannot, dare not but in Christ
Look up to Thee ; no, but in Him
I find enough and more to make
My wond'ring soul with love o'erbrim.

O Father, can it be that Thou
Didst give thine own beloved Son
To die for me, to die for all
Who to His arms of mercy run !

Endless are thy perfections, Lord,
But this alone, thy love, for me
More than suffices, is enough
For time and for eternity.

Angels, who never fell, may chant
Thine other glories, but may this,
If so thou wilt, to sing thy love
For ever be my chiefest bliss.

Wave on wave still high and higher,
As the eternal ages roll,
Transports of mighty gratitude
Shall fill my all-exultant soul.

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